

The Window at the White Cat

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

(Continued.)

The third door I opened was that of the tiny bathroom. The next, however, was different. The light streamed out through the transom as in the other rooms, but there was no noise from within. With my hand on the door, I hesitated, then I opened it and looked in.

A breath of cool night air from an open window met me. There was no noise, no smoke, no odor of stale beer. A table had been drawn to the center of the small room and was littered with papers, pen and ink. At one corner was a tray containing the remnants of a meal, a pillow and a pair of blankets on a couch at one side showed the room had been serving as a bedroom.

At the table, leaning forward, his head on his arms, was a man. I coughed and, receiving no answer, stepped into the room.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but I am looking for—"

Then the truth burst on me, overwhelmed me. A thin stream was spreading over the papers on the table, moving slowly, sluggishly, as if the way with blood when the heart pump is stopped. I hurried over and raised the heavy, wobbling, gray head. It was Allan Fleming, and he had been shot through the forehead.

My first impulse was to rouse the house, my second to wait for Hunter. To turn loose that mob of half drunken men in such a place seemed profanation. Fleming had been our key to the Bellwood affair, and he had put himself beyond helping to solve any mystery. I locked the door and stood wondering what to do next. I had seen enough of death to know that the man was beyond aid of any kind.

It was not until I had bolted the door that I discovered the absence of any weapon. Everything that had gone before had pointed to a position so untenable that suicide seemed its natural and inevitable result. With the discovery that there was no revolver on the table or door the thing was more ominous. I decided at once to call the young city physician in the room across the hall and, with something approximating panic, I threw open the door to face Harry Wardrop and, behind him, Hunter.

I do not remember that any one spoke. Hunter jumped past me into the room and took in a single glance what I had labored to acquire in three minutes. As Wardrop came in, Hunter locked the door behind him and we three stood staring at the prostrate figure over the table.

I watched Wardrop. I have never seen so suddenly a face change. Every particle of color left his face and he was limp, unnerve. "Did you hear the shot?" Hunter asked me. "It has been a matter of minutes since it happened."

"I don't know," I said, bewildered. "I heard a lot of explosions, but I thought it was an automobile out in the street."

Hunter was listening while he examined the room, peering under the table, lifting the blankets that had trailed off the couch on to the floor. Some one outside tried the doorknob and, finding the door locked, shook it slightly.

"Fleming," he called under his breath. "Fleming!"

We were silent in response to a signal from Hunter, and the steps retreated heavily down the hall. The detective spread the blankets decently over the couch, and the three of us moved the body there. Wardrop was almost collapsing.

"Now," Hunter said quietly, "what do you know about this thing, Mr. Wardrop?"

Wardrop looked dazed. "He was in a bad way when I left this morning," he said huskily. "There isn't much use now trying to hide anything. God knows I've done all I could. But he has been using cocaine for years, and today he ran out of the stuff. When I got here about half an hour ago he was on the verge of killing himself. I got the revolver from him. He was like a crazy man, and as soon as I dared to leave him I went out to try to find a doctor."

"To get some cocaine?"

"Yes."

"Not because he was already wounded and you were afraid it was fatal?"

"What's the use of lying about it?" said Wardrop wearily. "You won't believe me if I tell the truth, either, but he was dead when I got here. I heard something like the bang of a door as I went upstairs, but the noise was terrific down below, and I couldn't tell. When I went in he was just dropping forward, and—"

"He hesitated."

"The revolver?" Hunter queried. "In his hand. He was dead then."

"Where is the revolver?"

"I will turn it over to the coroner."

"You will give it to me," Hunter replied sharply. And after a little fumbling Wardrop produced it from his hip pocket. It was an ordinary thirty-eight. The detective opened it. Two chambers were empty.

"And you waited, say, ten minutes before you called for help, and even then you went outside hunting a doctor. What were you doing in those ten minutes?"

Wardrop shut his lips and refused to reply.

"If Mr. Fleming shot himself," the detective pursued relentlessly, "there would be powder marks around the wound. Then, too, he was in the act of writing a letter. It was a strange impulse, this. You see, he had only written a dozen words."

I glanced at the paper on the table. The letter had no superscription. It began abruptly:

I shall have to leave here. The numbers have followed me. Tonight—

That was all.



but I did not let it out of my hand on that journey until I put it down on the porch at the Bellwood house while I tried to get in. I live at Bellwood with the Misses Maitland, sisters of Mr. Fleming's deceased wife. I don't pretend to know how it happened, but while I was trying to get into the house it was rified. Mr. Knox will bear me out in that. I found my grip empty."

I affirmed it in a word.

"What was in the bag?" the chief asked.

Wardrop tried to remember.

"A pair of pajamas," he said, "two military brushes and a clothesbrush, two or three soft bosomed shirts, perhaps a half dozen collars and a suit of underwear."

"And all this was taken, as well as the money?"

"The bag was empty, except for my railroad schedule."

"Go on, if you please," the detective said cheerfully.

I think Wardrop realized the absurdity of trying to make any one believe that part of the story. He threw up his head, as if he intended to say nothing further.

"Go on," I urged. If he could clear himself he must. I could not go back to Margery Fleming and tell her that her father had been murdered and her lover was accused of the crime.

"The bag was empty," he repeated.

"I had not been five minutes trying to open the shutters, and yet the bag had been rified. Mr. Knox here found it among the flowers below the veranda empty."

The chief eyed me with awakened interest.

"You also live at Bellwood, Mr. Knox?"

"No, I am attorney to Miss Letitia Maitland and was there one night as her guest. I found the bag as Mr. Wardrop described empty."

The chief turned back to Wardrop.

"How much money was there in it when you left it?"

"A hundred thousand dollars. I was afraid to tell Mr. Fleming, but I had to do it. We had a stormy scene this morning. I think he thought the natural thing—that I had taken it."

"He struck you, I believe, and knocked you down?" asked Hunter smoothly.

Wardrop flushed.

"He was not himself, and—well, it meant a great deal to him. And he was out of cocaine. I left him raging, and when I went home I learned that Miss Jane Maitland had disappeared, been abducted, at the time my satchel had been emptied! It's no wonder I question my sanity."

"And then—tonight?" the chief persisted.

"Tonight I felt that some one would have to look after Mr. Fleming. I was afraid he would kill himself. It was a bad time to leave while Miss Jane was

CHAPTER VIII.
Only One Eye Closed.

"I AM—I was—Allan Fleming's private secretary," Wardrop began. "I secured the position through a relationship on his wife's side. I have held the position for three years. Before that I read law. For some time I have known that Mr. Fleming used a drug of some kind. Until a week ago I did not know what it was. On the 9th of May Mr. Fleming sent for me. I was in Plattsburg at the time, and he was at home. He was in a terrible condition—not sleeping at all—and he said he was being followed by some person who meant to kill him. Finally he asked me to get him some cocaine, and when he had taken it he was more like himself. I thought the pursuit was only in his own head. He had a man named Carter on guard in his house and acting as butler."

"There was trouble of some sort on the organization, I do not know just what. Mr. Schwartz came here to meet Mr. Fleming, and it seemed there was money needed. Mr. Fleming had to have it at once. He gave me some securities to take to Plattsburg and turn into money. I went on the 10th—"

"Was that the day Mr. Fleming disappeared?" the chief interrupted.

"Yes. He went to the White Cat and stayed there. No one but the caretaker and one other man knew he was there. On the night of the 21st I came back, having turned my securities into money. I carried it in a package in a small Russian leather bag that never left my hand for a moment. Mr. Knox here suggested that I had put it down and it had been exchanged for one just like it."

"If you haven't tried one, beg one from a friend—it's worth begging for after that you'll always 'buy' Turkish Trophies. All dealers sell them."

(To Be Continued.)

What was in the bag?" the chief asked.

missing. But when I got to the White Cat I found him dead. He was sitting with his back to the door and his head on the table."

"Was the revolver in his hand?"

"Yes."

"You are sure?" from Hunter. "Isn't it a fact, Mr. Wardrop, that you took Mr. Fleming's revolver from him this morning when he threatened you with it?"

Wardrop's face twitched nervously.

"You have been misinformed," he replied, but no one was impressed by his tone. It was wavering, uncertain. From Hunter's face I judged it had been a random shot and had landed unexpectedly well.

"How many people knew that Mr. Fleming had been hiding at the White Cat?" from the chief.

"Very few besides myself, only a man who looks after the clubhouse in the mornings and Clarkson, the cashier of the Borough bank, who met him there once by appointment."

The chief made no comment.

"Now, Mr. Knox, you heard no shot when you were in the hall?"

"There was considerable noise. I heard two or three sharp reports like the explosions of an automobile engine."

"You are right about the automobile," Hunter said. "The mayor sent his car away as I left to follow Mr. Wardrop. The sounds you heard were not shots."

(To Be Continued.)

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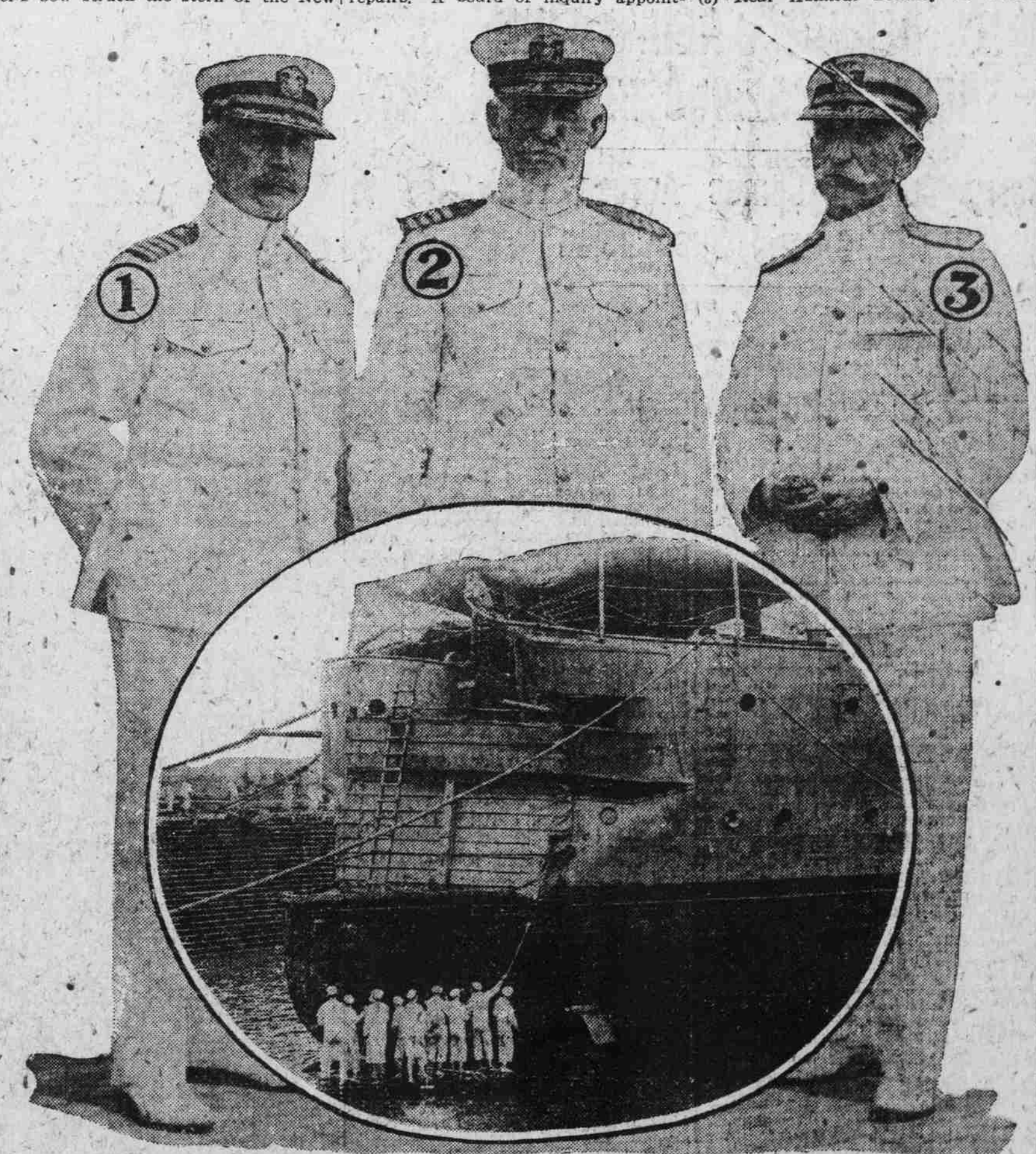
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BOARD OF INQUIRY IS INVESTIGATING THE DAMAGE DONE TO THE NEW HAMPSHIRE WHEN SOUND STEAMER RAMMED THE BATTLESHIP

New York, July 17.—The battleship New Hampshire, which was rammed by the Fall River line steamer Commonwealth off Newport, R.I., on July 7, is in drydock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The collision between the battleship and the Commonwealth occurred in a dense fog. The sound liner's bow struck the stern of the New Hampshire, ripping up the deck of the warship, tearing away a bulkhead of a water tight compartment and causing damage to the captain's cabin. Naval Constructor Baxter of the Boston navy yard after examining the damaged stern of the battleship decided that it would cost \$15,000 to make repairs. A board of inquiry appointed by Rear Admiral Aaron Ward will determine where the responsibility for the accident should be placed. It is found that the Commonwealth was at fault the Fall River line will be called upon to pay damages. The inquiry board is composed of (1) Captain E. Capehart; (2) Captain W. S. Benson; (3) Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske.



DAMAGED NEW HAMPSHIRE AND BOARD OF INQUIRY
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N. Y. Wholesale Market

BUTTER—Creamery, extras, lb. 27c @ 27 1/4c; firsts, 26c @ 26 1/4c; dairies, tubs, finest, 26c; good to prime, 24c @ 25c.

EGGS—Fresh gathered, extras, dozen 23c @ 24c; extra firsts, 21c @ 22c; henry white, fancy large, new laid, 20c @ 21c; selected, good to prime, 20c @ 21c; henry browns, 24c @ 25c; gathered and mixed, 20c @ 21c.

FRUITS—Cherries, black sour and red sour, 40c @ 50c; sour, quart, 30c @ 40c; currants, quart, 5c @ 7c; raspberries, red, pint, 5c @ 8c; blackberries, 3c @ 7c.

HAY AND STRAW—Hay, large bales, timothy, prime, per 100 lb. \$1.40; No. 2, No. 1, 90c @ \$1.35; shipping, 80c @ 90c; clover mixed, light, \$1.05 @ \$1.10; heavy, 80c @ \$1; straw, long 10c @ 30c; cut, 40c.

POULTRY—Fresh Killed—Chickens, broilers, pair, 60c @ 70c; Turkeys, old, mixed, 16c @ 17c; Fowls, 15c @ 17c; Ducks, spring, 15c; Squabs, white, dozen, \$1.50 @ \$3.50; dark, \$1.25.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes, Southern, new, white, No. 1, bbl. \$2 @ \$2.25; Beans, wax and green, 50c @ 75c; Connecticut, green, bbl. \$1.12; Peas, large basket, \$1.25 @ \$1.75; bag, \$1.25 @ \$1.50; Spinach, bbl. \$1 @ \$1.25.

ROOTS—PRODUCE—Cucumbers, basket, \$2; Tomatoes, lb. 10c @ 12c.

MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Tells How She Keeps Her Health—Happiness For Those Who Take Her Advice.

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house."

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has helped her."

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to your wonderful medicine."

—Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 8.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record of being the most successful remedy for women's ills known.

Commencing Monday, the Poli players will present "Mary Jane's Pal," one of the greatest comedies ever contributed to the American stage. It was written by Edith Ellis Baker and every situation, line and phrase is symbolic of her brilliant wit. It is sufficient proof of its high standing in the theatrical world, when you recall that Henry Dixey, the noted comedian used it as a starring medium for two seasons. The scenes are laid in a little town in Indiana, named Gessport and is replete with the usual country characters which make a play of this type so pleasing and entertaining. Although not exactly a moral play, it is, nevertheless, noted for its strong character parts and intensely dramatic situations. "The House Next Door" still continues to please and draw favorable comment from its audiences. Written by J. Hartley Manners in his most daring style, it tends both to entrance and amuse. It deals with the ancient prejudices of men and their egotistical beliefs. There is clever love story interwoven in the play in which Mr. Moore and Miss Adair, Miss Cliff and Mr. Moore are the principals. Mr. Hummel, Mr. Macauley, Miss Starr

and Miss Pringle are giving excellent portrayals of the strong character roles.

GERMAN AVIATOR KILLED.
Leipzig, July 18.—While making his final flight for an aviator's license, Lieutenant Preusser, of the German army, was killed today. His monoplane capsize in the air.

Boston—Governor Foss appointed Walter B. Smith clerk of the district court in Pittsfield. Smith has been dead some time.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. They are the only pills that will cure you. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Diamond Brand Pills, for 25 years known as the only reliable pills. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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—W. D. COOK & SON—
523 Water Street
PHONE 2880

BLANCHE PARKER
Order of Notice.
THOMAS P. PARKER
STATE OF CONNECTICUT,
FAIRFIELD COUNTY, ss.,
SUPERIOR COURT.

Bridgeport, June 21st, A.D. 1912.
Upon the complaint of the said Blanche Parker praying for reasons therein set forth, for 1. a divorce, and 2. the custody of the three minor children returnable to the Superior Court, in and for Fairfield County, on the first Tuesday of June, 1912. It appearing to and being found by the subscribing authority that Thomas P. Parker, the said defendant is absent from this State and gone to parts unknown.

Therefore Ordered, that notice of the pendency of said complaint be given by publishing this order in the Bridgeport Evening Farmer, a newspaper printed in Bridgeport in said Fairfield County, once each week for three weeks successively, commencing on or before the 15th day of July, A.D. 1912.

WM. T. HAVILAND,
Clerk of the Superior Court for Fairfield County. P 11 s 444

To the Board of County Commissioners of Fairfield County:
I hereby apply for a transfer of a license No. 128 to sell Spirituous and Intoxicating Liquors, Ale, Lager Beer, Rhine Wine, and Cider from Nicholas Garfield at 35 Hallett street to Joseph Lepritz at 35 Hallett street, Town of Bridgeport. The proposed place of business is not located within 200 feet in a direct line of a Church Edifice or Public School-house, or the premises pertaining thereto, or any Post Office, Public Library or Cemetery.

Dated at Bridgeport this 10th day of July, A.D. 1912.
JOSEPH LEPRITZ,
Applicant.

We, the undersigned, electors and taxpayers, as defined by law, of the Town of Bridgeport hereby endorse the application of the above named Joseph Lepritz for such license and we do severally certify each for himself that we are taxpayers owning real estate situated in said Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport this 10th day of July, A.D. 1912.
LOUIS A. KORNBLUT, B. G. Shale, Sigmund Hirschberg, Joseph Lang, John P. Gray.

Whereby certify that the above named endorsers are electors and taxpayers, as defined by law, of the Town of Bridgeport.

Dated at Bridgeport this 10th day of July, A.D. 1912.
WILLIAM THOMAS,
Town Clerk. P 11 b 44

AMUSEMENTS

POLI'S

ALL THIS WEEK

THE SPARKLING

COMEDY

The House Next Door

Sea Breeze

ISLAND

Harry Henry

MONARCH OF MELODY
Sings Twice Daily with

Wheeler & Wilson Band
Kenjockey Indian Village
and Wild West Shows

Dancing, Roller Skating, Bathing,
Water Sports, Many Attractions
TUESDAY EVENING, . . . Prize Waits
THURSDAY EVENING Roller Skating

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17
ELKS' DAY.

BASEBALL

Newfield Park

JULY 18 WATERBURY
JULY 19 NEW HAVEN

PATENTS

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Late Examiner U. S. Patent Office,
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W. F. HALE, Prop. P 11 s 44

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EVERYTHING IN THE

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ONE DOLLAR

Women's high grade shoes
in small sizes and narrow
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of children's footwear to
select from.

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All makes for sale, rent, or exchange
Supplies and Repairing

EDITH M. CURTIS
vs. ARTHUR E. CURTIS
Order of Notice

STATE OF CONNECTICUT,
FAIRFIELD COUNTY, ss.,
SUPERIOR COURT.

Bridgeport, June 21st, A.D. 1912.
Upon the complaint of the said Edith M. Curtis praying for reasons therein set forth, for 1. a divorce, and 2. the custody of the three minor children returnable to the Superior Court, in and for Fairfield County, on the first Tuesday of June, 1912. It appearing to and being found by the subscribing authority that Arthur E. Curtis, the said defendant is absent from this State and gone to parts unknown but formerly resided in the Town of Newtown in said Fairfield County.

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